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From a painting by Chappell

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"It is the one book of the year about which there is no doubt whatever"...

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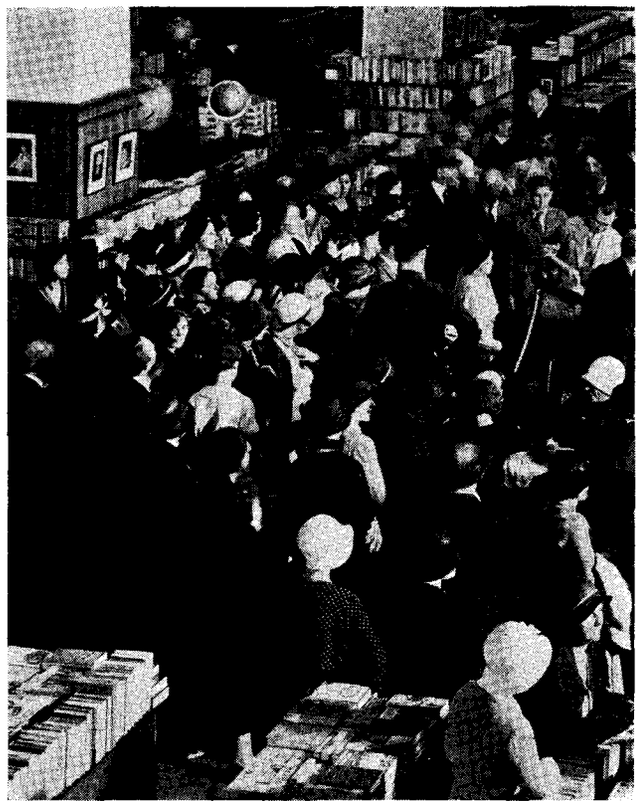
Mob Reading

Romantic Ingredients of the Super Best Seller

BY THOMAS H. UZZELL

UNTIL the appearance of "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind," many of us felt that we understood pretty well the nature of the priceless ingredient of a best seller. It was a combination of a hearts and flowers romance, a dash of respectable adventure, a beautiful heroine finding love and happiness in the person of the hero, who on the last page arrived with the bacon. The two tomes of narrative referred to, however, were disturbing. Their realism, their solid pages of history, their tragic heroes, their "sex situations," their good writing and interminable length—being bought and read by millions! We asked ourselves in astonishment: has the American mass reader at last taken to reading good books?



Courtesy Publishers' Weekly

PACKING THEM IN

Attempts have been made, without much success, to fathom the appeal of these books by relating them to the stream of current history. The fallacy of this method was demonstrated most notably in a discussion in *Scribner's* for August of this year by Belle Rosenbaum, in which she discussed the appeal of the Mitchell classic under the title, "Why Do They Read It?" In it we were given a summary of recent literary history ending with the conclusion that the surprising accident of "Gone with the Wind" merely proves that the great reading public was waiting for a popular book by a good writer. Heretofore "good fiction was not popular enough and popular fiction was not good enough." This excellent epigram begs the question. We might agree on what is "good," but what is "popular"? Our critics, I suspect, have been handicapped by the extensiveness of their own reading, the vigor of their own responses, their very devotion to literary ideals.

The popularity of the Allen and Mitchell novels may, I think, be reconciled with that of previous best sellers. We must focus our attention not on the readers who buy novels generally but upon those who buy or read only the super best sellers. The critic, like the medical researcher, attains his most valuable knowledge, by a study of extreme variations of the normal: his problem in the present instance is one in literary pathology.

An examination of the best sellers of the last two generations identifies the readers for the most part as women. Who are these women and what is the peculiar nature of their reader appetites? The answer should be apparent from a study of the super best sellers themselves.

On the next page will be found a list of twenty-nine predominantly romantic best sellers. These are taken from a list, compiled by Edward A. Weeks, of sixty-one novels which have sold half a million or more copies. The thirty-two others include fifteen juveniles and seventeen books which make special appeals, such as religion, sex, humor, or interest in a current or recent war. These thirty-one are outside the limits of the present discussion.

What feeds the reading hunger as indicated by the remaining twenty-nine books can be summarized briefly:

1. A suitor who has a good income and is socially acceptable to the heroine's family and friends, especially the latter. This insures security and flattery.

2. A chivalrous courtship free from sexual demands. The male stooge who plays this part is successful in the degree that he is a protector and giver of presents (paternal) and, in important crises, helpless and dependent (child) — manageable, in a word. These qualities in the hero alone make possible the flavor known as *sentimental* in the popular romance.

3. A management of the narrative that rationalizes the excessive maternal element in a woman's love as self-sacrifice, charity, physical courage, or some other form of pseudo-nobility. The story must be saturated in a religion of the feelings which lifts animal indulgence to a spiritual triumph and substitutes sentiment for sanity.

Women, because the maternal impulse is respectable, are not restrained in loving children. The babies come soon enough and promptly fill their lives with anxious physical care. Their men, being frequently infantile in their feelings and unresourceful in the conduct of their lives, willingly accept the maternal attentions of "the woman." And the result of these influences is to channel all the woman's affections into the maternal. Man, when his sexual drive towards his mate is frustrated, will seek another woman, but the handicapped woman, when similarly checked, will seek self-expression in an intensified maternal solicitude for every live thing within her reach. To accommodate this tendency

Next Week

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING
By LIN YUTANG
Reviewed by Carl Crow

SLOGUM HOUSE
By MARI SANDOZ
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

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her romances are furnished with heroines who at first are little girls, later managing mamas, and not infrequently in the end life-saving nurses (witness the Kathleen Norris ending in which the hero, injured in defending the girl, is cared for by her in a hospital or indeed in a romantic outdoor setting with the poor man's unconscious head in her lap —also, in my list below, "The Rosary," "Richard Carvel," and "Eyes of the World").

Our unsophisticated woman or girl reader responds to any stimulus which she has not been taught to fear. To the maternal, then, we must add friendship and filial affection and reverence for God or Nature or any pantheistic equivalent (forests and mountains with Harold Bell Wright or Zane Grey). The desire to be beautiful or at least well dressed and surrounded with a homelike atmosphere of good taste and propriety if not luxury is closely associated with the desire for a man with a good income. These yearnings of the woman heart are nearly always found in popular love stories and all of them are found in the books on our super-best-seller list.

Escape in the literary sense means release not from life, but from the restraints on life. One cannot easily grasp the limitations of the lives of the women who pile up the sales of these books. Their instinctive hungers are precisely the same as ours, but whereas we, having enough to live on, spend our time satisfying these hungers, they are aware chiefly of the denial. The books they read fail, we say, to be art because the characters satisfy their instinctive needs by methods which their intellectual superiors disapprove. By a weird paradox highbrow society acclaims as literature books which present wildly exaggerated pictures of the sufferings and degenerate abnormalities of impoverished peoples, but treats with scorn and labels "trash" every book which with equal exaggeration presents for the poor a romanticized version of the life satisfactions enjoyed by the highbrow and the affluent. An exaggeration of degradation is, in other words, higher art than a romantic treatment of happiness.

Lowbrow art is for lowbrow people. Please do not forget that we seek to understand lowbrow reactions as they are, not as we, in our superiority, think they should be. We are diagnosing, not criticizing.

The appetites of the woman reader we are studying have given the world two basic plots: Cinderella and Patient Griselda, Cinderella being the sentimental romance and Griselda, the confession story. In Cinderella the reader finds a bargain in the first and second of her three needs and in the Griselda plot, a bargain in the third. In the former the younger reader finds the Nursery Land of Feminine Heart's Desire and in the latter the older woman learns that her "maternal sacrifice" which has often cost her her savings, her security, her wifely rights, her health, her hopes, often her sanity itself, is an exaltation "never to be regretted" and which, when you come to read about it, partakes of the divine.

All the plots of the twenty-nine romantic best sellers are either Cinderella or Griselda or combinations of them. Most of them are seasoned with a dash of adventure, which intensifies the woman reader's vicarious sense of being protected or saved by the father-lover. Some of the plots, because of changes in manners, customs, if not morals, are now dated and will hardly be used again. The one formerly most popular, the forced marriage ("Richard Carvel," "To Have and To Hold," "Graustark") is, for obvious reasons, definitely dated. It has not appeared in the super-seller lists since the turn of the century when all three novels just mentioned appeared. In this story the heroine is saved from sex brutality by the romantic hero who in the end has the money as well as the manners.

The plot of menaced virtue is now also a matter of history in a romantic best seller. Harold Bell Wright apparently made the last big-money use of it in two appalling books, "Eyes of the World" and "The Man of the Forest." The menace to the heroine's virtue is much more plausible in London's "The Sea-Wolf." Here again the woman reader sees herself being saved from sex, courted, flattered, financed. The Marriage of Convenience ("The Harvester"), The Ugly Duckling ("Soldiers of Fortune," "The Rosary"), the Outcast Mother or "Way Down East" ("If Winter Comes"), and The Lost Husband Found in the Son ("Lavender and Old Lace") plots belong now apparently only to a former age, though the ingenuity they display in making unsophisticated women happy is obvious. The first of these provides protection and flattery in a husband without sex; the others glorifies the maternal ("good") deed. The much-disputed popular story of Mark Sabre by Hutchinson is but a modern version of that tragic immortalization of unwed motherhood of the youth of our grandparents, "Way Down East."

The only million-dollar plot I can find in the best sellers published before the war which seems to have a chance of surviving is the Beloved Enemy plot ("Janice Meredith," "The Crisis," "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come") in which the hero, representing one side of the conflict, in the climax saves either the heroine or a member of her family or his rival, on the other side. So effective is this plot that it is all but impossible to write a story of the Revolutionary or Civil War without using it, though MacKinlay Kantor, to his great credit, managed to avoid it in his "Long Remember," a

(*Continued on page* 16)

Romantic Best Sellers

Novels Selling Half a Million or More Copies

Trilby	*George Du Maurier*
Soldiers of Fortune	*Richard Harding Davis*
Richard Carvel	*Winston Churchill*
Janice Meredith	*Paul Leicester Ford*
To Have and To Hold	*Mary Johnston*
Graustark	*George Barr McCutcheon*
The Virginian	*Owen Wister*
Lavender and Old Lace	*Myrtle Reed*
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch	*Alice Hegan Rice*
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come	*John Fox*
The Sea-Wolf	*Jack London*
The Shepherd of the Hills	*Harold Bell Wright*
The Circular Staircase	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*
The Last of the Plainsmen	*Zane Grey*
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	*John Fox*
The Rosary	*Florence Barclay*
The Winning of Barbara Worth	*Harold Bell Wright*
The Harvester	*Gene Stratton-Porter*
The Eyes of the World	*Harold Bell Wright*
Of Human Bondage	*W. Somerset Maugham*
The Crisis	*Winston Churchill*
The Calling of Dan Matthews	*Harold Bell Wright*
When A Man's A Man	*Harold Bell Wright*
Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*
Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*
If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*
The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*
Anthony Adverse	*Hervey Allen*
Gone with the Wind	*Margaret Mitchell*

(Space limitations prevent separate discussion of all books on this list.)

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Between Two Axes

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT IN CENTRAL EUROPE. By M. W. Fodor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

NO one can reasonably be expected, in a single book or a dozen, to untangle the complex knot of peoples, policies, ideologies, and phobias that are, broadly speaking, Central Europe. Slavs, Teutons, Hungarians, Jews, Greeks, Turks, Latins are bunched around the Danube River and deployed untidily around the Carpathian and Balkan mountains; they fight racial battles with roots in the legendary past; they are testing ground for all the "isms"; they compass cultural stages from the primitive to the ultra-modern in areas no larger than a couple of our States.

Achievement enough for M. W. Fodor, the veteran Central European correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian,* that he traces the larger strands in the fascinating knot, shows where they cross and recross, and does so with the sureness of first-hand knowledge and a charm of style that makes his book a political adventure for the reader. Mr. Fodor has been for so many years a part of the journalistic and intellectual life of Vienna that he has become something of a local landmark. Dorothy Thompson testifies that "he brought up ever so many of us" American correspondents assigned to any sector of Central Europe; and John Gunther in a superlatively eulogistic foreword confirms her testimony. The reviewer, too, can attest that Fodor is one of the first and pleasantest things an American reporter meets in Vienna.

The purport and content of "Plot and Counterplot in Central Europe" are serious. One gets to know the major problems and political tendencies in Austria, Hungary, the Balkan countries, Czecho-Slovakia, and adjoining territories with a feeling of immediacy; the author is completely at home in all these nations, and draws without any effort upon his large and intimate knowledge. One also realizes the strength of old and new racial and social dreams in this area. The leading personalities—Masaryk, Benes, Bela Kun, Dollfuss, King Carol, King Alexander, scores of others—are described and estimated with a sure touch.

But the manner is not excessively serious. There is a good deal of the atmosphere of the coffee-house about the book. It is manifest in an abundance of anecdotes, unusual characters, and sophisticated asides. It shows itself also in a wealth of fresh and interesting information conveyed with an air of sophistication. Mr. Fodor has no axes to grind, neither the new Berlin-Rome nor the older Paris-Moscow axes, a pun being permissible in reviewing a book that has Vienna for its focal center. The book reads easily despite the immense total of information that it embraces.

The author in his concluding paragraph cites the warning advice given to him by his mentor in journalism, the late J. G. Hamilton of the *Manchester Guardian,* who told him: "Fodor, never forget that the world is not dominated by brains. Keep in mind that politicians are almost always idiots, and you cannot go wrong . . ." He says that this advice has been his guiding precept in judging "the wisdom of the political geniuses." Under such guidance, of course, clear-cut judgments or prophecies are ruled out.

All the same, the contending forces of democracy and dictatorship (a conflict that seems to him, as to the reviewer, more fundamental than the much-advertised struggle between communism and fascism) are emphasized in chapter after chapter. The wave of Bolshevik strength in the earlier post-war years, the triumph of Italian fascism and then of German fascism, the Pan-Slav and Pan-Germanic impulses are all recounted more clearly and more readably than in any book that has come to the reviewer's knowledge. "The spectre of a possible Russo-German coöperation" Mr. Fodor regards as sufficiently substantial to be treated in earnest.

When we remember how much of modern history has come to a head in the Balkans, the importance of the complicated story which Fodor tells in this book becomes self-evident. A Hungarian by birth (forty-seven years old), the author spent his youth in England, Italy, and Austria. Like so many Central Europeans, he is a cosmopolite. One would have to search hard for any evidence of national bias or dice-loading in Mr. Fodor's volume.

(*See page* 21 *for biographical note on M. W. Fodor.*)

JOHN GUNTHER, M. W. FODOR, MRS. FODOR, FRANCES GUNTHER, DOROTHY THOMPSON, AND SINCLAIR LEWIS IN A VIENNESE CAFÉ

Keep the Mind Free

ENDS AND MEANS. By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

WITHOUT question Mr. Huxley has undertaken too much in this book. Every one will say so; and yet I personally find great satisfaction in a complete statement of a philosophy of living by a novelist in whose novels the ideas have always seemed as important as the action. "Ends and Means" covers the whole field of a proposed and (so Huxley thinks) indispensable reorganization of society. He believes that the laxness of democratic organization and the determined policy of the dictators to make force succeed alike render such a reorganization essential. And he sees no future for civilization as we have known it in a regime of force. This need of reorganization he follows with keen logic and abundant evidence through the planned state, reform in general, war, individualism, education, religion, ethics; and erects what might be called a Huxleyan system of society.

This system is realistic, though brittle. It is easy to class him among those intellectuals he describes who know how to think but have no impulse to act. Such a criticism would be, I think, unfair. The ideologies so powerful today come from thinkers, not from actors. If they are to be combated, they must be combated by ideas first, with action to follow.

Aldous Huxley has gone back of nineteenth century liberalism to find his stance. He believes that the hard won result of the oft-interrupted evolution of civilization, has been the detached mind. That is all that can save us now. That is what dictatorship abroad has set out to destroy, and that is what the still liberal states will also try to destroy if they are forced to employ violence to meet the violence of other governments care-

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less of means so long as their power over the human individual can be increased. I fear that he is right, and that war (as has happened before) can only make the champion of liberalism give it up and take on the complexion of his antagonist.

The detached mind—not the indifferent, not the impassive mind—is his solution. The mind conscious of the wrongness of all formulas, the elusiveness of truth, the necessity of free thinking, if some new Moloch (just now the state) is not to devour the tiny independence of the imagination and the will. I cannot pursue here his lengthy discussions of how detachment in this sense functions and can be bred. Though not always equally convincing, they never fail in interest. The most interesting of these discussions is the least developed. That is his proposal of voluntary communities modeled upon the Benedictines who educated medieval Europe. I wish he would devote a book to this idea. Indeed this "Ends and Means" would be a better book, if not better reading, if Mr. Huxley had elaborated his theory of the detached mind in one or two departments instead of all departments of living. I enjoyed his account of the close linking of sexual continence and energy, and its corollary, that one generation may live unchastely on the capital of energy accumulated by their parents, but the next must choose between whoopee and effectiveness. But there are too many such hares running in this book. A discussion club could live upon it for a winter.

I return, however, to praise of its central idea, the detached mind, hard to fool, ready to drive at the true way when it sees it, preserving the value of the individual as the highest good. What such a mind can do with the planning necessary in a modern state, against war, for sound education, with religion—is the subject of this book.

(*See page 21 for biographical note on Aldous Huxley.*)

ALDOUS HUXLEY (*left*) *with Everett Dean Martin and a friend, vacationing in the Mojave Desert. Photo by Donald Friede.*

Bittersweet

HEINRICH HEINE: Paradox and Poet. The Life and the Poems. By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. The Life $3.75. The Poems $2.75. Two vols. $6.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE reputation of Heine among those who do not read German is much like the impression the hero of "A Farewell to Arms" had of Mantegna—"Full of nail-holes. Very bitter"; and those who have a little German often know that he is supposed to be very bitter, but know him at first-hand only as the author of "Die Loreley" and "Du bist wie eine Blume," two songs which seem the quintessence of sugary German sentiment. Yet Heine should be better known, for he is a singular anticipation of the modern spirit in his mingling of romanticism and the denial of romanticism, of self-indulgence in grief and self-mockery for that self-indulgence. In putting him before us at length, Mr. Untermeyer has done a service for his generation, a service which he is peculiarly fitted to do, as being himself a distinguished poet and, I hope one may say without being misunderstood, a distinguished parodist,—since really first-rate parody, like Mr. Untermeyer's, demands the ability to enter into another's mind at once sympathetically and analytically, which is the same gift as the translator's.

The same sympathy and analysis appear both in the translations and in the biography. Mr. Untermeyer puts Heine before us: a Jew, born in the eighteenth-century Germany of the ghetto, witnessing in youth the arrival of the liberal Napoleonic regime and its downfall; disappointed in love; disappointed in those worldly hopes, so strangely snobbish, which so many poets disillusion us by entertaining; and a wanderer, first voluntarily, then involuntarily. And then he shows us the years of the strange, sordid Parisian menage, where Heine was bound to a stupid, slatternly woman, first mistress, then wife, who plagued him and plundered him and, evidently, satisfied him, whom he loved and hated. Here we see him steadily growing worse under his burden of syphilis of the spine, which finally kept him for years upon his deathbed—where he made many of his best jokes. It is a story to explain the bitterness, but not the sweetness, in the bittersweet Heine—nor the romanticism, nor the humor. His life does not explain Heine, for Heine was a genius. But it explains Heine's poems; and Mr. Untermeyer's biography gains immensely from being read with admirable translations in the other hand.

The translation of poetry is always a thankless task; and this is particularly so of Heine because, though in all other respects they are perfect opposites, he is, like Racine, capable of expressing simple, even commonplace thoughts in the most everyday language, which in the original gains a magical beauty from its pure verbal harmony. Mr. Untermeyer has bravely translated even the more *insaisissable* of the lyrics; this translation is indeed almost complete, containing all but a handful of the shorter poems, and representative selections of the longer ones; and we must be peculiarly grateful to the translator for his undertaking, because Heine's poems are full of echoes and cross-references to each other.

HEINE IN 1831 (*Painting by Oppenheim*).

Inevitably, he is more successful with Heine the wit than with Heine the poet. With the latter, he sometimes suffers from the excess of his faithfulness. His determination to preserve masculine and feminine rhymes in Heine's order, together with his verbal fidelity, sometimes leads him to use names of emotion that are almost worn through; and sometimes, when he seems forced to take a liberty of the letter, he is at his best in reproducing the spirit.

But at Heine's most characteristic, the wit and the poet in him are fused; and in these poems, with a sudden wry turn at the end, Mr. Untermeyer is at his best. There is one poem, "Sie haben mich gequälet," in which Heine complains that many have made him wretched, "Some of them with their loving, Some of them with their hate," of which Mr. Untermeyer renders the last stanza:

> Yet she, whose poison made me
> Wretched all men above,
> Gave me no word of hatred—
> And not a spark of love.

There the dash is supplied by the translator; and its illumination is typical of this presentation of a great poet, a presentation which is never less than good, and at its best is as good as can be.

(*See page 21 for biographical note on Louis Untermeyer.*)

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The Delicate Hercules

HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE REVEREND WILLIAM COLE. Edited by W. S. Lewis and A. Dayle Wallace. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1937. *Two Vols.* $15.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

ONE hardly knows how to celebrate properly such a magnificent beginning. From every standpoint these first two volumes of the great edition of Walpole constitute a new departure. More has been undertaken than ever before and a great deal more achieved. Everything that ingenuity, loving care, good counsel, good taste, and good sense could do has been done. It is not too much to say that the work effects a revolution in our way of looking at the eighteenth century and that such of us as are interested in that fascinating time must reconsider all our considerations. Mr. Lewis and his colleague, Professor Dayle Wallace, are richly entitled to more than formal compliments on the wholly successful harvest of the first-fruits of their gigantic field. An impeccable text, hundreds of notes, brief, elegant, informing, and modest, and a mere baker's dozen of minor errata in 767 pages bear sufficient testimony to editorial virtue.

There are persons, and not necessarily stupid ones, who are apt to ask why the correspondence of a snobbish, antiquarian dilettante is worth the intolerable galley-slave labor and the shattering expense which are involved in fifty volumes at seven and a half dollars a piece. To such a question an answer is not difficult. Anything which illuminates the life and thought of such a vivacious, vigilant, and penetrating commentator on a period which, for whatever reason, remains umbilically connected with our own, must have especial interest for us. Whatever we are or think has its origin or finds its counterpart in that time.

WILLIAM COLE (*by Kerrich*)

Former editors, and no mean ones, have printed the letters chronologically. But Mr. Lewis with a great mass of the correspondence both ways in his control has chosen another method. After much searching of heart and vehement discussion with his brilliant and sufficiently varied advisory committee he has arranged the letters by correspondences, viz., Walpole to and from Mann, Walpole to and from Selwyn, or Gilly Williams, or Montague, as the case may be and as it lies in his power. Judging by these first two volumes his decision to print each separate correspondence by itself, and in particular this with William Cole, is amply justified. A unity which he explicitly desires and seeks is at once obtained. And the multifariousness of Walpole's interests is brought with special sharpness to the attention, by concentrating on one facet of it at a time.

The correspondence covers the two decades from 1762 to 1782. When it began Walpole was forty-five and Cole three years older, but they had known each other as schoolboys and at Cambridge. And let there be no mistake about it: the Reverend William was a bit out of the ordinary. In youth or in age, and he shows no symptoms of ever having been young, he appears to have been what may be called a codger, a rolled-up hedgehog of an intellect exclusively occupied in the collection and transcription of materials for other men's books. One hundred fourteen volumes of characters, pedigrees, blazons, brief characters, and bits of antiquarian gossip stand at this writing in the British Museum to witness if I lie. The strange creature actually loved the horrid drudgery of transcribing old documents for its own sake. He had even elevated it into a sort of grisly art. And one can see, as the editors point out, how useful he must have been to Walpole, who in his historical endeavors was perhaps too inclined to brilliant intuition and diverting paradox. But apart from his depraved tastes Cole must have been an oddity anyhow. He would not have a broken thigh reset, because he would rather have a crooked leg "than be put to some pain to which I was always a great enemy." Besides, as he points out, no one will see it anyhow, because as a parson he "wears petticoats." It is a literal fact that when his hat blew off in a runaway he was almost more afraid of "catching a fever" than of being killed. His whole life was made hideous by valetudinarian apprehensions and timidities. Nevertheless he was a stout fellow and stiff in opinion. And his irritations and prejudices would alone justify the resurrection of his letters. He had humor of thought and occasional delicacy of expression. A man who could write: "I am as fully satisfied with my opinion as a better reasoner may be with his," knew something of himself and the world. And the man who found the weather "too hot to do anything except read *a cool book*" was not unfit to compliment Horace Walpole on the pleasures of "lilac-tide at Strawberry."

WALPOLE (*after Reynolds*).

For Walpole himself it can only be repeated, what was said of them of old time, that he is among the foremost of those writers to return to whom is even better than to discover them. For on every return there is new discovery. The "delicate Hercules" has as many aspects as Proteus and one almost suspects natures to correspond. To take the hint of a better critic, there is Walpole of Strawberry Hill, whom the cruel might christen after an actual collateral Walpole de Pinchbeck. It is that Walpole I fear who wrote: "Poor man, he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place he had made, which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of." Walpole of Strawberry should have been warier than to cast a stone at Shenstone of the Leasowes in such a connection. Nearly allied to him but more poetical and inventive is Walpole of Otranto, who "wrote the first English Romance and the last English Tragedy." There is Walpole, "the fribble in a state of perpetual fribellion"; and there is Walpole who wrote of the Byng tragedy. But every Walpole, whether hypocriatically self-depreciatory or honestly self-analytical, whether, in Mr. Lewis's phrase, "with one eye cocked at posterity" or genuinely and entirely interested in object or idea, possesses and commands the unfailing phrase.

Remarkable in everything, the eighteenth century is not less so for having produced the Dioscuri that engraved the record of its wisdom and wit, and have had no successors. Boswell and Walpole are trees that overshadow the time, and the tendrils of their rootage strike into the deepest strata of human psychology. They are different in every respect and yet call up comparison as the stone-pines of Tuscany vaguely evoke the palms of Algiers. They are alike deeply concerned as to the actions and notions of men and women. It is highly probable that never again will two men hit off a time and region as the great twin brethren hit off the eighteenth century in England.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Mene, Mene

THE Book Fair was thirty-seven stories higher this year, the space it occupied was twice as great as before, the crowds seemed very much the same. One needed only the slightest occupational distemper to feel that the books were the same too, and to wonder at the recklessness of publishers in exposing that sameness to so many people. One saw the publishers' innocent joy in their trade displays—cheerful men, confident men, men without care or foreboding. And then one wondered whether any of them had really meditated on two of the exhibits they had admitted to the show.

The public looked at those two exhibits with what appeared to be the same docile curiosity it brought to this year's best-sellers, the demonstration of book-binding, and the display of Americana. But it was either very generous or very careless of the publishers to admit them, and a little cold sweat would have been appropriate. They are handwriting on a wall, they are a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, they make one hear a derisive shout, where an absurd contraption rattles among carriages, of "Get a horse!" They are technology consolidating enormous gains in another revolution. They are two books photographed on microfilm and projected on mirrors or ground-glass screens.

The revolution has come so quietly that few people realize how much headway it has made. Books on microfilm are only a part of it, but they alone have already dissolved away part of the publishing system and have extended a system of their own into areas that the publishers have never reached. Departments of the government, business and industrial organizations, and research foundations are now making and circulating books on film, books which have not received or needed the services of a publisher, books which have not even been to a printer's shop. Libraries are storing a year's file of a daily newspaper in a couple of cubic feet and are making their rarities available to one another at no risk and a few cents' charge. Scholars on a month's vacation are photographing more books than they could formerly have consulted in a sabbatical year and taking them home to use at their convenience.

Once a book has been photographed it will never go out of print. The problem of the small reprint edition has thus been solved for all time. This path to this solution has unexpectedly solved other problems as well. The apartment dweller can now keep five hundred volumes in the drawer of a radio cabinet. The student or the aspirant to culture can buy a library en bloc for four or five hundred dollars —any library he wants, the John Carter Brown collection, for instance, or A. Edward Newton's. Chris Morley's kinsprits can carry the Britannica on their hips or Shakespeare in their watch pockets.

The revolution makes headway too by other means than film. The problem of the small original edition need trouble the scholar or the specialist no longer. A dozen processes now in use make it feasible for the twelve people who understand Einstein to produce books exclusively for one another at trifling cost, and for the Program Chairman of the Home Culture Guild to distribute her poems and fragments of her novel among her admiring friends. The amateur author and the semi-pro have been set loose in a happier world.

It may be that when the *Times* stages its fair in 1975, or even 1950, and we sit comfortably at home viewing it on our television screen, prominent among the exhibits we shall see, mounted between a dodo and a heath hen, the mummy of a well dressed and bewildered-looking man labeled "Publisher." At any rate, in November 1937, it would be a good idea for every publisher to supply himself with a copy of Robert C. Binkley's "Manual on Methods of Reproducing Research Materials" (Ann Arbor: Edwards Brothers, Inc. Produced by photolithography), take it home, read it, and fast and pray. For the cloud grows, and if you were to go out on the avenue and yell "Get a horse!" the joke wouldn't be on the automobile.

Audubon Still, like the capitalist system, the publishers have a lot of life in them at the moment. This week the Macmillan Company achieves a publishing triumph that is also a great service to the public by bringing out the first one-volume edition ever published of Audubon's "Birds of America." The undertaking is so large as to seem fantastic. The publisher must have invested nearly half a million dollars in it, and the color work must have necessitated well over a milllon impressions. Thinking of it in such terms, one does not wonder that no one ever ventured on it before.

There would be no point in reviewing the book. There is no basis on which to review it. Any reprint of "The Birds of America" would be invaluable, even if it were a bad one, even if it cost a hundred dollars a copy. This one sells for twelve dollars and a half (for twice that in the limited edition), and it is very good. The plates are about one-fourth the size of the originals, and in the trade edition they are printed on both sides of the page, but neither departure has the slightest importance to the thousands of people who have greatly desired the book in any form. The technological revolution mentioned above has not progressed far enough to make possible absolute uniformity and fidelity in the reproduction of colors, so that here and there a collector may be disappointed or an ornithologist may voice an objection. In the copy that reached this office, for instance, the rose-breasted grosbeak is a little dull, the robin is a little light, and the scarlet tanager has not quite the quality it has in the original. The press work accounts for such variations, however, and looking at the book in sum, with its five hundred reproductions of the most famous paintings of birds ever made, one can only call it superb.

Well, there it is, and any static on your radio these days is probably caused by the rejoicing of ornithologists, lay and professional, of book collectors, of students of American history and art. There it is, one of the great books of America, the book that changed forever the portrayal not of birds only but of all animals as well, that created both a reputation and a legend which a century has not eroded, that has given delight to generations and remains one of the highest pinnacles of our culture. This reprint solves your Christmas present problems as many times as you can afford to buy it. Even if you cannot afford to buy it yourself, you are almost certainly going to, at whatever self-denial or abandonment of other necessities is required. It is the one book of the year about which there is no doubt whatever.

This is a good time to go back and read about the fascinating career of the romantic genius who created it. Miss Rourke's biography or Mr. Peattie's more rhapsodic one would be excellent, if you missed them last year. Or any other life, for nothing written about him has been altogether bad, even those treatments, his wife's among them, which plentifully mingled mythology with facts. Mythology is a natural medium for him, and though he was not the Lost Dauphin, the legend which says that he was is only accurately placing him in our national poetry. Best of all, perhaps, are his own journals. There you can follow through the unspoiled continent the wanderings of the artist who was, of all artists, most in love with it. If you have at hand this reprint of his masterpiece, you are in for an experience of solid pleasure that will sometimes rise to rapture.

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Letters to the Editor: *Replies to Elliot Paul; Pictures on the Cover*

Hemingway, Lewis, and Paul

SIR:—Mr. Elliot Paul's defense of "To Have and Have Not" is as trivial as Hemingway's book. He makes the same error he finds in the critics. To say that Sinclair Lewis "has never done anything mildly approaching Hemingway's least work," or "sounds off in a way that must disgust even his closest friends and his family," is as pointless as an argument as it is stupid as a criticism.

If Mr. Paul wants to justify Mr. Hemingway's "dirty words," why not write about that, and stop drivelling about his being, "a loyal friend, . . . a good boxer, and expert fisherman"?

And let's not be too optimistic about the vindication shown by sales. A certain number (you name it!) of the copies went to readers who wanted to see the "dirty words" in print.

JENKIN R. DAVID.

Peekskill, N. Y.

Mr. Brickell Replies

SIR:—I don't suppose it matters, but Elliot Paul is dead wrong when he suggests, as he did in his attack on those of us who did not at all like "To Have and Have Not," that I was shocked by the account of Harry Morgan's lovemaking. The passage I referred to as indecent was another passage altogether, and I still think it indecent and unnecessary.

It couldn't be, could it, that Mr. Paul's political sympathies influenced just a little his judgment of the Hemingway book?

HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

New York City.

Faces

SIR:—Have you ever noticed anything odd when copies of the *S. R. L.*, or *Time*, or *Life*, are left lying around for a while? To me, the faces on the covers become absolutely hateful, no matter how attractive or interesting originally. The interest or dullness, charm or lack of it, of the face in question has nothing to do with the phobia. It's merely that in time the face becomes an intolerable intruder. I remember once waiting behind a customs barrier on a dock, with a crowd, and a man kept walking up and down in front of us, and in another hour he'd have been lynched. Is this reaction at all general? If so, would it be a good idea to make the portrait photographs on your cover less frequent, and substitute photographs by Disraeli suggesting the contents of some book or other? A difficult thing to do, but possible, perhaps.

CHARLES ALLEN SMART.

Chillicothe, Ohio.

(Difficult indeed. We should be interested in other opinions. Ed.)

Falkner, Says "Who's Who"

SIR:—In your issues of October 30 and November 6 there are notes regarding my spelling of the name Falkner in my book "I Hear America." On page 843 of the most recent "Who's Who in America" appears "Falkner, William (surname originally Faulkner)." On page 852 appears "Faulkner, William, *see* Falkner, William." I should appreciate your acquainting your readers with this authority for the spelling I adopted.

VERNON LOGGINS.

New York City.

(Dr. Loggins's quotations are unassailable. Personal to Mr. Fa(u?)lkner: how shall this journal spell your name in future?—Ed.)

"YEAH, IT'S A BEST SELLER. WE'RE STUCK WITH THOUSANDS OF THEM."

The Criminal Record

SIR:—I have always had a naive faith in "The Criminal Record." So much so that I have been urging a small library to base its purchases of 50 detective stories a year on your recommendations. Just as I have gained their active interest, my faith is sadly shaken through comparing the reactions of myself and three other readers (2 male, 1 female, if we must be sociological) with your ratings.

For instance, you rated "The Strange Crime in Bermuda" (Holding: Dodd, Mead) as "excellent" and, in the same chart, "The Hong Kong Base Murders" (Mason: Crime Club) as "passable." Our unanimous verdict was in reverse order, though I think we agreed that "good" was sufficient for the better book.

I realize that what is one man's mystery is another's misery. Yet I cannot quite fathom such a decided difference of opinion between people of somewhat similar backgrounds (assuming that your reporter is a reasonably well read middle class person) as is represented in your "superlative dialogue" ("Strange Crime in Bermuda") and our wholehearted "lousy wooden speech."

All of which, I suppose, means that ratings of mystery stories are not to be taken seriously. . . .

H. P. PRESTON.

New York City.

The Criminal Record is flattered to learn that its verdicts have assisted Mr. Preston in building up his lending library. Is it not conceivable that the justice of the Criminal Record verdicts over a period of years has made such "building up" possible? But of course the only answer is what Mr. Preston says himself: "One man's mystery is another man's misery;" in short, de gustibus.—*The Criminal Recorder.*

Erratum Corrected

SIR:—In Mr. Wilson Follett's trenchant and much-needed essay "On Doing Without Grammar," he cites an incorrect use of "whom" for "who" in a quotation from "Mr. A. Edward Newton's twice-reprinted address on . . . Blackstone." Mr. Follett evidently has not seen the second reprint of "Newton on Blackstone," published by the University of Pennsylvania Press, in which the error was corrected.

PHELPS SOULE.

University of Pennsylvania Press
Philadelphia, Pa.

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Rare Bookseller

YANKEE BOOKSELLER. By Charles E. Goodspeed. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

IN the autumn of 1898 a young man of thirty, who had been spending most of his lunch hours in book browsing at Mendoza's on Ann Street in downtown New York, found himself out of a job. Like many of us in the years since, he knew that advice from Isaac Mendoza would be frank, wise, and honest. "Mr. Mendoza," he said, "I've lost my position here in New York. I'm going back to Boston and I'm planning to start in the secondhand book business. What do you think of the chances?"

Ike Mendoza said (I can hear him saying it):—"I never knew but one man who failed in it; and he drank rum and played the races."

The result was Goodspeed's Book Shop, now in its beautiful quarters at 18 Beacon Street, Boston; well known by visit or catalogue to every bookhunter of spirit; and the book before us is Mr. Goodspeed's delightful account of those thirty-nine years of adventure, beginning in the well-remembered basement on Park Street (which was not abandened until 1930, when the last few thousand books were given away free to clear the premises).

Here, savory with anecdote, full of all the lively coincidences and odd human fish that sprinkle every bookseller's career, is exactly the kind of good talk and fine feeling that the Trade at its best begets. Do you want the melodrama of big figures and great names? There is the extraordinary story of the "Tamerlane" that turned up at Mrs. Dodd's in Worcester, Mass., in 1925. Mrs. Dodd had been reading an article by Vincent Starrett in the *Saturday Evening Post.* It was called "Have You a Tamerlane in Your Attic?" Well, Mrs. Dodd was living in an attic and she had a "Tamerlane." She wrote to Mr. Starrett to tell him about it: he was away from home, and didn't get the letter for some weeks. Mrs. Dodd, by advice of the Worcester librarian, got in touch with Mr. Goodspeed.—Half an hour after Mr. Goodspeed had agreed to arrange the sale of the book for her, arrived a letter from Mr. Starrett. Goodspeed, living up to his name, sold it to Owen Young for $17,500—of which Mrs. Dodd got $14,000. (In my private collection of heartbreakiana I should love to have the MS of Mr. Starrett's letter.)

No bookseller's life is all made up of such high spots. There are the eccentric or larcenous visitors; the forgeries, disappointments, fruitless rummages of old collections, arduous inquiries from customers. Mr. Goodspeed comes back from lunch and finds a telegram from Henry Ford: "Please wire description inside and outside of Longfellow's village-smithy shop. Would appreciate reply today." How would you go about answering that? Or, for coincidence: it happened that Goodspeed and his neighbor and friendly competitor Andrew McCance had both bid on a certain lot of secondhand books; and both, independently, had estimated the identical same offer, $760. They decided that the vendor would be sure to suppose they were acting in concert, so they decided to spread the bids by $25 and tossed up to see which would offer the larger sum. The bids went in at $760 and $785; the client was so sure of collusion that he sent his books to auction—where they brought only $500.

I'm sorry there isn't space in a review to do more than suggest the gaiety, wealth, and sensitiveness of this delightful book. Mr. Goodspeed is one of those booksellers who really read and love fine things; he knows them not just as merchandise but he feels them too. Hear him on Ruskin, for instance; or on Keats; or on Stevenson's chapter on "The Oise in Flood." In these thirty-nine years he has issued over 280 catalogues and listed over a quarter million books. Of the most interesting of those he has much to say; and of autographs and prints and Walton's "Angler" and coogleresque poets and many another endless topic. There is some pleasant mischief in his facsimiles, for instance the Calvin Coolidge autograph inscription to Hemingway; and I'm a little scandalized by his choosing just that particular quotation from Malvolio. Also I really think he should include the Bodleian in his list (p. 81) of the world's most important libraries.

For the collector or bibliophile this is surely a Must.

What is Art?

A WORLD HISTORY OF ART. By Sheldon Cheney. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by VIRGIL BARKER

THIS is the most ambitious of Mr. Cheney's books on the visual arts, and to one who has read them all, excepting only those on the theater, this seems the most interesting and the most successful. It is also art history with a difference. Geography and time are treated with an elasticity which permits greater concentration on the experiences afforded by the various arts as they have historically occurred. An appendix containing a time-chart and a table of important dates (together with a bibliography of exceptional helpfulness to the general reader) keeps the factual record straight; the text takes up not merely the arts' recordings of different civilizations but also the spiritual life within them.

EGYPTIAN PORTRAIT STATUE
(*Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art.*)

Through the disagreements of specialists Mr. Cheney takes the layman's prudent way, finding their contentions valid only in specific conditions and at certain times, rightly believing that both man and his arts are too complex to fit into any one invariable pattern. The author is a pluralist in describing art's motivation, materials, purpose, and character. Analysis of Mr. Cheney's book reveals only three constants, but those three are sufficient: the fact of art is universal, art is always the embodiment of some concept of order, and on the creative level art communicates an experience, quintessentially mystical.

This last idea results in two major emphases which are new in volumes of this panoramic nature addressed to the English-reading public. The truly primitive arts are indicated as primary sources of the mystical apprehension of form and the arts of the Orient are considered to be more important than those of the Occident. To this reviewer this book's downward revaluations of Greek, Roman, and Florentine art seem well taken; but the whole of historic European and American art may be richer in formal quality than Mr. Cheney, in his ardor for readjustment, will allow. Yet consistently and persuasively Mr. Cheney leads his readers away from barrenly intellectualistic encounters with art toward its central livingness.

In physical appearance his book is attractive. The reading page is spacious and the illustrations are well placed. The choice of works for reproduction is also in general admirable, although the lack of a Piero della Francesca is unfortunate; with no slighting of the masterpieces remaining abroad, there is a welcome profusion of examples from collections in the United States.

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Contagious Tastes

WOOLLCOTT'S SECOND READER. Edited by Alexander Woollcott. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT'S tastes in reading are a matter of considerable interest, because he has an unrivaled ability to make other people want to read the books he likes. His tastes might be summed up by saying that he likes acid and he likes molasses, and you never know which you are going to get. A good part of his first "Reader," published a year ago, was fished up out of the treacle well: "A Doctor of the Old School," "My Little Boy," "Margaret Ogilvie;" even Evelyn Waugh's "A Handful of Dust" is curdled treacle. The "Second Reader," however, is entirely chosen by Mr. Woollcott's better self. Everything in it is good; much is first rate; and Mr. Woollcott's own comments are succinct and amusing.

Over ninety percent of "Woollcott's Second Reader" is fiction. Whether it is in Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale," in Dorothy Parker's sketches, in Stephen Crane's "Whilomville Stories," or in Anne Parrish's "All Kneeling," you will find lean, acidulous, well characterized narrative, chosen for entertainment value. And entertainment value on this level stands the test of time. Perhaps you have read "Cakes and Ale"? Read it again, and see if you can find an English novel published this fall that will stack up against it. The chances are that you have read Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age," but missed "Whilomville Stories"—and you'll enjoy these if you enjoyed "Penrod." Even in the non-fiction the chief element is narrative: in Frederick A. Pottle's "Boswell and the Girl from Botany Bay," an excellent report of literary detective work; in William Bolitho's analysis of George Joseph Smith, the bathtub murderer; and in Gustav Eckstein's "Joe," the story of a Portuguese gardener. It is impossible to mention all the contents; the book includes Clarence Day's "God and My Father," and good short selections by Hemingway, Stevenson, Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, and various others.

It may be objected that there are two cases of near-duplication. Both "Cakes and Ale" and "All Kneeling" are novels about pretentious literary people; both "Whilomville Stories" and "The Golden Age" are minor classics about realistic children. But all four of them were good books when they came out, and are still good; the objection is unimportant. "Woollcott's Second Reader" certainly wins this year's omnibus race, and the publishers have designed its thousand-odd pages to be easy on the reader's eyes and arms.

Some of New York

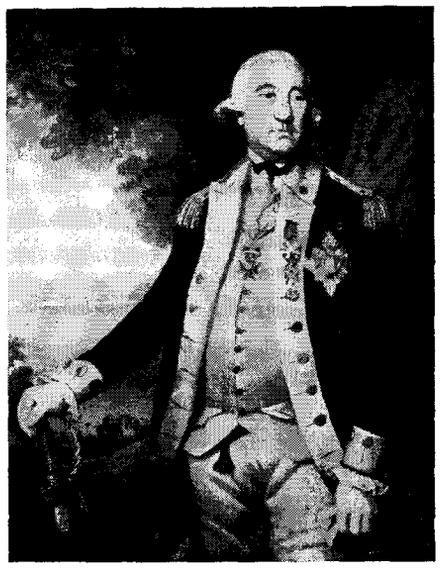
IMPERIAL CITY. By Elmer Rice. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MR. RICE'S "Imperial City" is, of course, New York, and his is the latest attempt to get all of this complex and multitudinous town within the covers of a book. I think it would be possible to argue at length that the project is over-ambitious, increasingly so as the city grows. The fault of books that try to encompass the whole of New York is that they miss, because they must, too many of the parts.

ELMER RICE

Mr. Rice's story is strongly centered upon the fortunes of one family, a large family, it is true, and one whose particular characteristics provide Mr. Rice with a great deal of latitude for covering the city. For the three sons who carry forward the Coleman history are so diverse in character—Christopher, the financier, Greg, the playboy, and Gay, the college professor—as to create three separate spheres of action to begin with. Added to these are a diversity of minor characters, sharply outlined, and an inexhaustible fertility of plot that keeps everything moving and humming at city pace. There is the illusion, if not the reality, of a large and seething scene, until we notice that the scene is being preëmpted by the Colemans; that they are really more alike than they are different; that they and their glib, hard crowd, wherever found, are a very special group of people with too much money or too much cleverness. Their stresses and strains are undoubtedly fascinating and Mr. Rice has made a long and vivid tale out of them. But there is too little of the other kinds of people, who do get a brief walk-on but hardly any more. Too often the book seems all Park Avenue, footlights, political campaign, courtroom. Why can't we have a full, novelistic treatment of people less dramatic? How about the less articulate middle class—the office workers, the music teachers, the men of good will? They live here too.



VON STEUBEN: *Portrait by Ralph Earle, collection of William Randolph Hearst.*

Soldier of Fortune

GENERAL VON STEUBEN. By John McAuley Palmer. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by FRED A. SHANNON

MOST persons acquainted with General Palmer's sketch of Steuben in the "Dictionary of American Biography" will welcome this full-length elaboration of the earlier effort. The book is chiefly valuable for its forthright obliteration of hoary myths concerning the hero's ancestry and career in Germany and a careful appraisal of the soldier's contribution toward the success of American arms in the War for Independence. Steuben is pictured as a "systematic, circumstantial, and deliberate liar" so far as his accounts of his own life are concerned, but always scrupulously truthful in his official military writings. His mendacity seems to have been inherited from his father, who invented the "Baron von" part of the name, thus fixing nobility on an otherwise peasant family. He was further abetted by a veritable "syndicate of prevarication" in France, headed by Benjamin Franklin who foisted a Prussian captain, fourteen years since cashiered from the army, upon the Continental Congress as an active lieutenant general in the service of Frederick the Great.

Here was a wonderful opportunity to write a muckraking, debunking, key-hole biography. But the author eschewed the role, justifying the deception practised on the American people as a necessary subterfuge to impel the acceptance of a sound disciplinarian and original general-staff officer in an army where foreign generals were growing in disfavor. Even Washington helped perpetuate the exalted-origin myth for the good of the service.

About half of General Palmer's book is devoted to Steuben's military service

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in the Revolution, and the last quarter deals with his later life—squabbles over remuneration and pension, connections with the malodorous Scioto and other land deals, and the later impecunious years on his country estate in New York.

Many parts of the General's European career are laced together by conjectures, but the guesses are nearly always acknowledged. In one instance, however, the author attributes Steuben's final determination to sell his services to Congress to an unsubstantiated rumor of criminal homosexual relations with young boys. The evidence presented for this as a motive for emigration is as unsubstantiated as the charge made by the European scandalmongers, and should at least have been labeled as a guess. Also, the reader has the right to question the assumption that no other person could have done Steuben's work in creating an American army.

Fred A. Shannon is professor of history at Kansas State College.

Our Mental Ancestors

TOWARDS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: Essays in the Spiritual History of the Nineteenth. By H. V. Routh. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937.

MR. ROUTH'S volume deals little with the twentieth century even by implication. Rather it is an examination—almost an arraignment—of certain famous nineteenth-century literary figures and philosophers, mainly English, who suffered from a prevailing spiritual malaise. Victorian literature, Mr. Routh finds, was a "magnificent failure" in that its chief exemplars did not learn to "probe the truth without losing heart, to know the world and yet know more than human nature at its worst." From Tennyson to Hardy they all finally died of one "ism" or another—medievalism, pessimism, optimism, Darwinism, determinism. What Mr. Routh wants is a sort of scientific humanism, a "new spirituality which must be authorized by science and yet contain a religious value." He grants a measure of approval to writers—Bergson, Butler, Nietzsche—in whom he discerns the principle of creative self-determination. Although thoughtfully written for the most part, the book is vitiated by cloudy exposition, rash generalization, and even (in the chapter on Browning) contradiction. Conrad and James are harshly condemned almost without a hearing. Emerson is pigeon-holed as a little-read stylist who "encouraged [men and women] to retire into the old world culture and realize themselves in its atmosphere." There can be no quarrel with Mr. Routh's preference for writers who "restore our zest in life, our confidence in our species," but his winnowing process is a little severe. His book is more provocative than convincing.

Roger Martin Du Gard

Nobel Prize Novelist of 1937

BY GILBERT CHASE

ROGER MARTIN DU GARD, the French novelist to whom the Nobel Prize for literature has just been awarded, is known as a profound and powerful chronicler of contemporary life. His major work is "Les Thibault," a vast family history which in the eighth and most recently published volume, "L'Été 1914," was brought up to the period of the World War.

He was born at Paris in 1881, of an old provincial family long established in the capital. He was brought up in the Catholic faith, but abandoned it in his fifteenth

ROGER MARTIN DU GARD

year. He attended two of the best schools in Paris, the Lycée Condorcet and the Lycée Janson de Sailly, and then spent three years at the École des Chartes, from which he was graduated in 1906 with the diploma of an archivist-paleographer.

From this training in scientific methods of research he doubtless acquired much of that intellectual discipline and that capacity for patient research which gives such solidity and amplitude to his fictional output. Because of its combination of imaginative insight and documentary completeness, his work has been characterized as "the collaboration of a historian and a novelist."

It was not, however, the history of the remote past, but that of the immediate past, merging into the present, which attracted him as a novelist. His first novel, "Devenir," was published in 1908, and his second, "Jean Barois," in 1913. This latter work, in which the Dreyfus-Zola affair figures prominently, made an immediate impression upon the younger writers of France, who were soon to be plunged into the shambles of the World War.

Martin du Gard himself was mobilized at the outbreak of the war, and served throughout its duration as a motor-transport driver at the front. After the war he conceived the plan for his monumental chronicle of a modern Parisian family, "Les Thibault," of which the first two volumes, "Le Cahier Gris" and "Le Penitencier," appeared in 1922. These two comprised the first American volume of "The Thibaults," published in 1926. Only one further volume of this work, "Springtime of Life," has appeared here in translation.

His work reveals a certain affinity with that of Tolstoy, Proust, Romain Rolland, and André Gide. What sets him apart from such writers as Rolland and Proust, however, is the fact that he never allows a social thesis or an esthetic preoccupation to interfere with the purely novelistic unfolding of his works. It is true that his characters talk a great deal and that his novels are full of ideas ("All that I have to say passes automatically into "Les Thibault," he declared); but they also contain an abundance of intense and varied dramatic action. The characters are extraordinarily vivid and human.

In addition to his *magnum opus*, Martin du Gard has written a novel dealing with the theme of incest, "Confidence Africaine" (1931); a play, "Un Taciturne" (1931), on the problem of homosexuality; and a series of rural sketches entitled "Croquis Villageois" (1933), marked by a strong and unedifying realism. Another play, "Le Testament du Père Leleu," dealing with rural life, was published in 1920.

An unusual blend of realism and idealism characterizes the work of Roger Martin du Gard. His most idealistic character, Jacques Thibault, who revolts against human injustice, is crushed and defeated. But Martin du Gard sees life itself as ultimately victorious, above and beyond any personal human failure. As he has one of his characters declare, "Life is the victory which endures."

Excavation

By KILE CROOK

TIME and seasons are as broad
As the world is broad, and shallow
As the ground below the sod,—
Earth unplowed and ever-fallow.

Dig through buttercups and grass;
Through the elm roots sink your shovel;
Penetrate the frost line; pass
To the cool subjacent level;

Bare unwarmed, unfrozen clay . . .
Clay and shale lie still together
Six feet down, past night and day,
Under years and every weather.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

XX. Heroism of Uncle Pan

PANDARUS has heroisms too. He has persuaded Troilus to spend this evening at Sarpedoni's; and the boy has not been easy company.

Not much disturbance to-night, remarks Pandarus.

Things have been very quiet. I think the Greeks must have been put within bounds. They haven't been here at all the past few evenings.

Better slip over and see old man Agamemnon, Pandarus suggests. Maybe he needs some baksheesh.

Troilus makes a sombre wave of distaste.

I'll send you a cocktail while you're studying the menu. Oysters are in again now.

No cocktail for me, Troilus says. Lemon squash.

Send two anyhow, says Pandarus. If he doesn't want it, I do.

Tomorrow is Ten Days. That's cocktail enough for me. The last time I was here, she sat over there. Hey, Sarpedoni! Turn up the chairs at that table, don't let anyone sit there.

Now, my dear boy, you must buck up. We can't go on like this. Ask Antigone for a dance, make Deiphobus work for his fun. The little minx, I didn't think she had it in her.

When we were here before I was making *you* dance. Remember that dress she wore?—What the Hades did you bring me here for; I'm going uptown to the dog chariot.

Sorry I'm so goofy, he says presently; but I'm living in two places at once; Here and There. My mind is over in that damned Greek camp, wondering what she's doing, saying, wearing, thinking, how those bloody Spartans are behaving to her, what she's trying to tell me—and why haven't I heard from her? Not one word.

Pandarus knows—no one better—there is nothing to be done, except order another ambrosia.

Write poetry, he suggests. I remember when Ianthe Hellespont and I—

Do you know what was the last thing she said to me when she left?

Goodbye?

Too bright for my eyes. It's exactly what she is. There's an omen in it.

Just then Antigone and Deiphobus join them.

Take this boy out and get his mind off his troubles, Pan says to her.

You can shut your eyes and pretend it's Cressida, she offers.

You'll have to shut your ears too, says Deiphobus. Hey, chatterbox?

That'll do from you, says Antigone. Troilus, why haven't you been up to the apartment?

I didn't have the heart. Besides, every time I asked the doorman, he said Deiphobus was there.—What do you suppose she's wearing this evening? That tweed and jersey thing?

Not at night, I hope, Antigone says. I'll bet they're giving her a swell party, this is her last night over there.

I hope so. I mean, I hope it's her last night.

Come and dance and we'll talk about it.

How are things, Deiphobus asks Pandarus.

Not good.

Troilus looks a bit mouldy, poor kid. He hasn't even finished his drink. (Which Deiphobus does for him).

Yes, he's badly cut up. Try to pull him out of it.

That girl certainly knocked him for a row of pylons.

My fault, too, in a way. I thought they'd both take it in their stride.

Troilus hasn't got any stride. He takes everything in convulsions.—She'll never come back, will she?

I doubt it.

Pan, you're a swell egg. Have a drink on me.

You're very kind. Thank you. And after that I was rather thinking of asking one of those twins for a dance. I think I've earned some relaxation.

It's a good idea; but those girls aren't relaxation.—Where do you suppose the damned Spartans are keeping themselves?

Sarpedoni says they haven't been here several evenings.

There's funny stuff going on over there. They've got all their work companies down on the beach overhauling the ships. Do you suppose they're getting ready to quit?

Extraordinary. Surely not.

They haven't been very active in the field lately; not since the exchange of prisoners. Hector had a queer hunch: he thought maybe they were going back home and take Cressida with them, to even up for Helen. . . .

The music stops suddenly, and the Radio Voice, much amplified, booms across the hall:—

S.O.S. . . . S.O.S. . . . This is an emergency broadcast, folks. Excuse my interrupting you, folks, but this is an emergency. Calling all troops. Calling all troops, by order of King Priam. Mysterious activity has been noted in the Greek camp, no reason for alarm, folks, but army headquarters wishes to be prepared for any eventuality. All leave is cancelled at once, officers and men report to quarters. All civilians are to return inside the walls. This emergency broadcast will be repeated at intervals of three minutes. All officers and men report to quarters at once.

XXI. Army Supplies, Rush

The same evening: in fact, just about the time Troilus is asking Antigone what Cressida might be wearing, she's putting it on. It's the prickly pear, of course; poor dear, there's no alternative.

She's taking her time over it. No matter how late D. is (she thinks of him by initial only) she intends to keep him waiting. In the curtained corner allotted for her privacy she can't help hearing the unusual bustle of the camp tonight. There's a stealthy but continuous movement of troops, and a feeling of things about to happen. Calchas is off at a staff meeting, she is alone in the tent, but the sentry's feet are regular outside.

As she fastens the blue pin at her breast she wonders how she will feel when she unpins it; for of course her mind is already made up. She is writing a sort of letter in her mind. People who are slow to intimate speech compose many such. Partly to Troilus, partly to herself?—

My darling dear, you're sweet. I've just put on your pin, it made me think of tarnished cream. My sweet. We had such a lot of good laughs together. There never was anyone like you. The feeling of this camp tonight makes me as nervous as a witch, something's happening, I can't find out what. I'm as good as a prisoner here. My darling I know you're counting minutes till tomorrow, I can't help myself. Maybe I'll get back somehow; I'll get back when I can. All this doesn't really count, I've got my fingers crossed, it's just an accident. I will try, I *did* try. You know I'm your girl. I did mean to be faithful, what a ridiculous word. I guess I'm just not that way by nature. What does it matter, anyway? Blessed boy, nothing can ever spoil those times we had. O please be careful, these Greeks are as hard as nails; I'm so frightened of what may happen, they've got it all on a chart. If I'm nice to D. maybe he'll tell me about the Horse and I can warn them. . . .

I suppose you have to be faithful to someone, sooner or later. Later. I wonder if D. would be a good one to be faithful to. Probably not. I could try. How different he is, the big roughneck; but he's rather sweet too. He's been nice in his way. He doesn't *need* me, like you do, poor darling, but he certainly wants me. He'd be rather cute when you really got him down. I wonder what Uncle Pan would think, bless and damn his old

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Trojan Horse

(*Continued from preceding page*)

heart. I guess he'll never forgive me. Yes he will, Uncle Pan will forgive anything. He has to, the old rascal. . . .

That was the real me, my sweet, the person you loved. O if you could come this minute and tell me about things. I didn't want you to love me. Come with that regiment and take me by force. . . .

Are you there? calls Diomedes, entering the main part of the tent. He is carrying a cocktail shaker of classic form.

Certainly I'm here. No chance to be anywhere else.

Sorry if I'm late.

Are you? she says calmly. I didn't notice. You can't be too late for me.

He grins to himself. He knows how important it is to a woman to keep up her self-esteem.

She emerges from behind the curtain, beautiful indeed.

Chersonesus! he exclaims in admiration. That dress is gorgeous.

I'm glad you like it. It's all I've got.

It's more than you need, but it'll do for a while.

I hope were going out. I've been cooped up in this tent until I'm crazy.

We sure are. All out.

Let's go and have dinner at the Horse.

At the Horse? What do you mean?

That big Horse I'm always hearing about. It's a night club, isn't it?

For pete's sake, where did you get that idea? That's rich! Why the Horse is a—don't let's get technical. It's hell on roller skates.

I'm disappointed.

We'll go to the officers' club, they've got music there, and then back to my tent. I told your old man not to be worried, I'd be responsible for you.

I hope you meant it.

He has poured the cocktails. Here's hoping, he says.

Why all the sudden excitement, she asks.

It's not sudden. I've been excited about you ever since Sarpedoni's.

I don't mean romantic excitement. I mean military.

We were waiting for the equinox; that's tonight. Equinox is always lucky. Do you know why? That's when night becomes more important than day.

He is in a mind to offer endearments, but she evades.

Baby girl, you look good enough to eat. Do you love me?

I don't dislike you.

That's awfully negative. You know there's one thing about you I don't like. That Trojan pin. Do you think it's tactful to wear that around here?

You're the expert on tact, she says; satirically but also in a tone of provocation.

How about taking it off?

No. It was given to me.

Our regimental badge is much handsomer. We used to collect this kind in baskets, after a good day in the field.

It's not so! You're making that up.

Maybe I am. It's fun, making up to you. Come on, let's get rid of it.

No, this dress really needs it. It's cut rather low.

Listen honey, let's pass up the stuffing and carve turkey. Quit fretting about the old home town. Troy's in for a bad run of dice. You've got all the dope on that chart, right in front of you. See that line shooting up to the top? That's your friend Diomedes.

You're a good salesman.

Why not? I've got something to sell.

You're so different, she murmurs half to herself; sadly and yet also somehow fascinated. So terribly different!

What's that? Now baby girl, don't be blue. I know it's tough, but we won't make it any better by moping. You've cut your cable, now you've got clear sailing. We'll make a fresh start. You haven't begun to live yet, I can see it in your eye.

How can you; I'm not even looking at you.

But you will, because you're sweet. Awfully sweet . . . and soft . . . and lonely . . . and chock full of dynamite. You will . . . won't you?

And she does.

You said you'd be kind to me, she falters.

Watch me. And before we go out and have fun, let's get this clear. Troy's washed out.

I suppose so.

We'll have a drink on it.—And there's nobody in Troy you're tied up with. Is there?

Not any more.

And you know whose girl you are now, so that's settled. Nothing to worry about. All hunkydory. Stencilled G.E.F., Army Supplies, Rush.

Where's that cocktail, she says, reaching for it blindly. Can we go somewhere where we won't need to think?

And remember this camp is full of woman-tamers out of work. Don't pay attention to any of 'em.

O damn you, she bursts out, I'm sold, now shut up. . . . Better not try to make me love you, I might be so everlasting faithful you'd never get rid of me.

He is puzzled, but expertly interested. He holds the cocktail glass to her lips as though it were medicine.

You'd never break your heart over anyone, would you, she says finally.

I wouldn't need to.—What say we get started? I've got a date with some of your Trojan friends tomorrow.

Tomorrow?

We're going to pull off a nice little skirmish, just to keep them from brooding.

No, don't let them brood, she says cryptically.—Come on, Big Boy, where's that place where there's music?

(*To be concluded.*)

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Mob Reading

(*Continued from page* 4)

dramatization of the Battle of Gettysburg, as did Margaret Mitchell in her "Gone with the Wind."

In the important works, "Of Human Bondage," "Main Street," "Anthony Adverse," and "Gone with the Wind," the appeals I have described are not so easily seen. The W. Somerset Maugham novel, I find by test, is accredited by many novel readers as the greatest novel written in our language in the past generation. "Main Street" is believed by many to be the most significant, if not the most interesting, novel written by an American in the same period. And both of these works soared into the super-selling class. Are they exceptions to the theory I have propounded? I do not think so.

In Maugham's novel will be found the same fundamental appeal that is secreted, less subtly, in the pages of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Trilby," "Mrs. Wiggs," "Pollyanna," and even "The Sheik"! It is a rich book, packed with the carefully observed external detail and intermittent flashes of vivid portraiture which might account for a large sale, but if we are to explain its super-popularity we must look for the priceless ingredient—and there it is and this time it is easily identified.

Philip Carey has, with all the other heroes in the "supers," what it takes. First of all, he has a club-foot which stimulates mothering pity. Miss Wilkinson, his first mistress, pictured as passionate, is cast aside as repulsive if not obscene. The appalling Mildred, though a born prostitute, is but the occasion for Philip's incredible chivalry, in the story which Isabel Paterson has called the "longest hard luck story ever told." It is not a hard luck story, however, to the mass reader. When Carey lives for months in platonic servitude with Mildred and her baby (paralleling perfectly the big thrill in "If Winter Comes") he himself becomes, and indeed from that moment remains, the embodiment of the maternal. Philip Carey remains that compassionate miracle which alone is able to soften the psychic enslavement still endured by women in our imperfect world.

"Main Street" seems to mark a transition in the sophistication of women patrons of the best seller. This novel, the first of the Lewis successes, is commonly supposed to be a literary landmark because it debunked for the first time the sentimental pretensions of the American town. It did this, to be sure, but this is merely what it means to the critics and the comparatively few solid citizens who really read it, say the first fifty thousand. The hundreds of thousands of readers who lifted the novel into the half million class were mostly women spread throughout the unenlightened corn belt and far West. "Main Street" is essentially the story of the average American young woman's vain yearning for the picturesque medieval enchantments which in her incurably maiden dreams she feels should precede her consent. This defence and polemic for the average American wife, though more realistic in its alignment of characters than the other great successes that preceded it, nevertheless is likewise sentimental.

The success of "Main Street" seems to me to point the way to an understanding of the mass appeal of the only two novels which, since its appearance eighteen years ago, have exceeded sales of half a million copies—"Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind."

Hervey Allen's remarkable long-distance volume sold well because, as most reviewers pointed out, it was a "good buy" in sheer amount of reading matter, because it was filled with deeds of high adventure, several love stories, and recreated for the reader dramatic chapters in the history of half a dozen countries, including the Louisiana Purchase and the colorful origin of New Orleans. These ingredients and the generally excellent narrative and descriptive writing were not, however, sufficient to account for a popularity, with a price of three dollars, that drew more than half a million copies over the bookstore counters. A specific feminine appeal alone, in my theory, could do this, and it was done in the following manner.

Throughout the thousand-odd pages Anthony holds the center of the stage. And who is Anthony? Why should women readers pore over his spirally developed history? Chiefly because throughout most of the narrative the *emotional weight* (feminine response, remember) is on Anthony's search for happiness. This search is alleged to proceed in two directions; for spiritual peace through self-sacrifice, and for a sort of apocalyptic vision of the serene rapture of parenthood. The entire story is bound together by the treasured image of the Virgin Mary which Anthony clings to and worships throughout his adventures. In this symbol is focused Anthony's mother-worship and piety. And throughout all this modern Pilgrim's Progress the hero wistfully yearns to know who his mother was and finally dies without the comfort of this knowledge. In this emotional (female) respect he might carry on successfully for the benighted women readers of nearly a generation ago who carried the books of Gene Stratton-Porter to commercial success never known before or since.

As for that other super-selling tome of fiction, "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell,—here, even though we have a distinctly woman's story with woman's problems of home, love, and babies emphasized throughout, we find greater difficulty in locating the appeal to the immature female reader. "Gone with the Wind" is truly something new in a woman's novel. It chief novelties have been catalogued by reviewers and

(*Continued on page* 18)

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Mob Reading

(*Continued from page* 16)

literary historians; it is most original in its sheer size and scope; it is a sort of Sears-Roebuck compendium of dramatic situations, varied enough to suit all members of the family; it has the drama of battle for men readers, sex and Perils-of-Pauline thrills for the women, and, in the analysis of the main character, Scarlett O'Hara, sufficiently subtle characterization to satisfy the intelligent reader who survives the beau-hunting adventures of the first two hundred pages. The book was a "good buy."

The X-quality in this history of the ironic marriages of the immortal Scarlett is, I believe, essentially what it has always been in books that have swept the country. In Scarlett's story the uncritical, immature girl and woman reader found the "confession story" plot as well as the villain - still - pursued - her pattern of a Laura Jean Libbey or an E.D.E.N. Southworth of two generations ago. The confession story is that of Scarlett's selling herself (*in marriage*, mind you) to Frank Kennedy to find money to save her home and care for her destitute baby. The Libbey - Southworth "villain - still - pursued - her" story is composed of her constant danger from that leering, clever bad man, Rhett Butler, to whom she finally capitulates (in marriage again—this girl never sins; her long series of thefts, brutalities, and double-crossings with a stark murder thrown in are not sins since they all net her much-needed cash). These two plots are inextricably interwoven, and while any sane mind could easily argue that these aren't the essential plots, for the readers who bought the truckloads of books, *these are the plots.*

What matter that the heroine's virginal nature is discussed in almost psychological terms, that she is made to suffer for her brainlessness (shown only when hunting and not when successfully managing single-handed half a dozen business enterprises), what matter that the Fairy Prince is pictured as a sycophantic, inept dreamer, that the villain is the best-loved character in the book? These variations merely bring the tear-jerker up to date.

This maternal note is, for the unsophisticated reader I now have in mind, the real theme song of "Gone with the Wind." Even admitting that the book has debunked most of the pretensions of the legendary hero of chivalrous tales, we still have all the sentimental devotion to mother love. In this story it is sometimes sound and appealing, as in the remarkably genuine story of Scarlett's mother, Ellen, and Melanie's love of babies, and Scarlett's own physical heroism in fleeing from Atlanta and later nursing wounded soldiers (until no husband with money turned up among them). Mostly, however, the maternal motive is disguised or downright sentimental melodrama, such as Scarlett's promise to Melanie on her death bed to be a good mother to both their husbands, Scarlett's desire to mother Rhett who, she imagined, "needed the love of a good woman," and Rhett's amazing movie regeneration through the touch of the baby fingers of his own child, Bonnie, and the grand climax, when at long last all the now unnecessary husbands and wives are cleared off and our fair heroine has her gilded palace (with the jig-saw fringes) and needs only her Prince, and the Prince falls into her arms. Then Scarlett has her one moment of lucidity: "I've lost my lover and got another child." The woman reader drops a tear on the page and closes the book with a reverent sigh: the male reader, if he gets that far, slams the book shut and grunts: "Wasn't there a sane male in the whole damn Southern Confederacy?"

Thomas H. Uzzell is an instructor in fiction writing in New York University and also coaches writers privately. He is the author of "Narrative Technique," published by Harcourt Brace & Co., who are also publishing his "Writing as a Career," from two chapters of which the foregoing article has been condensed.

HE challenged Byron to a duel—then became his lifelong friend . . .

DO YOU know that the man who wrote *Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms* was the highest paid poet of his day? . . . That he duelled with the critic Jeffrey and challenged Byron? . . . That he was the best friend of a famous Irish revolutionary? . . . That he is the only English poet who sang in company? . . . That he was the foremost political satirist of the Regency period? . . . That his slipshod business methods caused Byron's memoirs to be burned? . . . That he outlived his five children? . . . That some of his writing anticipated Gilbert and Sullivan, and that he is the author of one of the four or five great literary biographies in the English language? . . .

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MR. CAMPION, CRIMINOLOGIST *Margery Allingham* (Crime Club: $2.)	Bespectacled Albert ambles shrewdly through one long, six short episodes involving murders, thefts, etc.	Absence of elephantine Mr. Lugg from much of book a pity but, with minor exceptions, tales are capital.	Irreproachable
BATS IN THE BELFRY *E. C. R. Lorac* (Macaulay: $2.)	Fantastic studio of English artist scene of grisly killing. Long-winded sleuthing by Insp. MacDonald.	Starts out well and has mystifying plot but British super-stolidity and endless details bog it down before finish.	Bit lethargic
GHOST RIVER *Christopher Hale* (Crime Club: $2.)	Ironical lot of tourists start canoe trip down western canyon and death rides the waves! State Policeman gets the triple slayer.	Excellent background, super-charged atmosphere, and puzzling plot somewhat spoiled by confused characters and dragged in solution.	Good reading, anyhow.
HELL LET LOOSE *Francis Beeding* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Col. Granby and Ronald Briercliffe match wits with German and Italian secret agents in war-torn Spain for dead inventor's plans.	Excitement of all sorts—including the improbable—in Franco's Seville and Loyalist Madrid with suspense at bursting point.	For thrill seekers
A MURDER IN SYDNEY *Leonard Mann* (Doubleday Doran: $2.)	Indignant daughter slays trollopy second bride-to-be of middle-aged parent, Australian 'tecs suspect both and murderess confesses.	Antipodean antipathies appear much like those of rest of world, likewise their artists, literati, and dissatisfied younger generation.	Well written

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SPECIMEN PAGE
from
AUDUBON'S BIRDS OF AMERICA
(*See reverse side*)

102. BLUE JAY

(CYANOCITTA CRISTATA)

Range: Breeds from Nebraska, Alberta and Newfoundland to Texas and Florida. Ranges farther south in winter. *Habitat:* Woodlands, farms, parks, etc. *Identification:* Length, about 1 foot. Blue and white coloration, *crest*. *Voice:* A loud scream, *jay-jay*. Song, rather bell-like, as though two pieces of crockery were knocking together. Mimics other birds. *Breeding:* Four to seven eggs in well-concealed nest at varying heights. *Food:* Insects, nuts, wild fruits, eggs, young birds, etc. One of our commonest, wisest, most beautiful birds!

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and concise descriptive text giving range, habitat, identification and food for each bird species

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Editor of *Bird Lore*, official publication of the National Association of Audubon Societies.

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Authors of the Week

Marcel W. Fodor

Dorothy Thompson calls Fodor a Vienna Institution. He was born a Hungarian, has the temper of a liberal Englishman, and is a convinced Quaker. Fodor has guided all journalists within his own area, from Vienna to Constantinople. He speaks all languages "fluently and badly." He has been correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, the *New York Evening Post*, and more recently of the *London Observer*. Miss Thompson says that unofficially Fodor "has been the correspondent of all the American news services and most American newspapers, because everybody has picked his willing brains." The tangled politics of Central and Eastern Europe are at the ends of Fodor's fingers. His physical appearance is that of a somewhat roly-poly optimist, pink, grey-eyes, and "pessimistic—not by nature, but by experience and observations."

"Plot and Counterplot in Central Europe," by M. W. Fodor, is reviewed on page 5.

Louis Untermeyer

One of the most versatile of modern American poets and parodists could never understand geometry and wasn't much good in school. But he was a semi-professional pianist at the age of sixteen. Then he went into his father's business of jewelry manufacturing and ended up as vice-president of the firm twenty years later. Fourteen years ago he retired from the business. Mr. Untermeyer is not only a poet in his own right but the best-known American anthologist of his fellow poets, and their best parodier. He has lectured and traveled widely, and even done a sort of guide-book of Western Germany. Mr. Untermeyer was one of the main figures and interpreters of the poetic renaissance that swept over America in 1913. Today he lives on a farm in up-state New York.

"Heinrich Heine," by Louis Untermeyer, is reviewed on page 6.

Aldous Huxley

Grandson of T. H. Huxley, grandnephew of Matthew Arnold, Aldous Huxley comes of distinguished stock. His brother Julian is a well-known scientist. Aldous nearly went blind at Eton but considers that it saved him from "becoming a complete public-school English gentleman." He went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a degree in English literature; then in 1919 joined *The Athenaeum*, and later became dramatic critic of the *Westminster Gazette*. It was in 1919 also that he married Maria Nys, by which marriage he is the father of a son. By now Huxley has written over twenty books and has also edited the Letters of D. H. Lawrence, who was one of his most intimate friends. Most of his novels have been written in Italy, though he has traveled widely elsewhere, and made several trips to America. He names his two recreations as reading and traveling. He is always working, and claims that the minute he starts to take a real vacation his health begins to break down.

"Ends and Means," by Aldous Huxley, is reviewed on page 5.

"The best short general history of the United States ever published," says BERNARD DE VOTO, ***Editor of The Saturday Review of Literature.***

THE GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC

By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON and HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

"It is a very distinguished book," continues Mr. De Voto, "The collaboration is immensely learned; it covers the entire field of source material and monographs so thoroughly that the reader has complete confidence in every judgment expressed. The judgments are liberal, judicious, decisive, scrupulously qualified where qualification is necessary, rigorously honest, and always responsible. The prose is crisp, vigorous, and lively: the book is the most literary of short histories. This is the kind of history we set up as a standard last year; this is the way American history should be written. The editor would like to require everyone who wants to say anything about the American present, or the American future, to read Morison and Commanger before saying it." Revised and enlarged. 40 maps. 2 volumes. $3.00 per volume.

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The New Books

Biography

THE JOURNAL OF EUGENE DELACROIX. Translated from the French by Walter Pach. Covici-Friede. 1937. $7.50.

The Journals which Delacroix kept between 1822 and 1863 are undoubtedly the most important body of writing left by any artist—not excluding Leonardo da Vinci and Sir Joshua Reynolds. In these pages speaks not merely an artist of highest intelligence, but also a Parisian of far reaching and always exquisite taste—as good a judge of literature and music as he was of his own art. His journals offer an extraordinary variety, and always on a high plane of insight and judgment. You will find anticipations of modern mechanized warfare, of the human tragedy of technological unemployment. Invectives against humanitarian optimism and confusion of genres say in brief what the late Irving Babbitt was to say at length. Delacroix exposes mercilessly the sentimentality of Victor Hugo and Lamartine, the weaknesses of Balzac and Georges Sand, the limitations of Turner and Courbet. No one has written with more understanding of the art of Titian, Rubens, Poussin, David. There is nowhere else such a mass of sound maxims on the general principles of art. The Journals are indispensable for the art lover who needs to think about his admirations.

Mr. Walter Pach has selected about half the Journals and has translated them with devout care. Nothing has been excised that much concerns a modern reader. The publishers have provided a large volume in octavo of dignified and legible make with a great abundance of illustrations, from slightest pen sketches to finished pictures. Mr. Pach has annotated the text with discretion. In general, Mr. Pach's clear, demure, and somewhat colorless style excellently meets the needs of translation, though inevitably something of the snap of the original is now and then lost. It is unfair, however, to dwell on minor lapses in a translation generally excellent. But the absence of an index in a book of this value is lamentable.

F. J. M., Jr.

LETTERS OF MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ. Selected by Richard Aldington. Dutton: 2 vols. 1937. $5.

The correspondence of Madame de Sévigné is familiar to most readers of French in the abbreviated form in which it reaches the college class room. In its entirety it is likely to continue to slumber on the shelves of public libraries, but in this winnowing of the now very scarce edition in nine volumes published in London in 1811, it should find its way into many small collections. For Mr. Aldington has chosen with taste and discrimination from a mine of material two volumes of sprightly letters, teeming with vivacious allusion to the great and fashionable of the times of Louis XIII and Louis XIV, and through all the years preserving their quickness of emotion.

In a period when fashionable society and intellectual society were more nearly identical than often in history, Madame de Sévigné was both well born and well educated. She knew everybody, and with her beauty, her wealth, and her brilliance shone among her associates. Having been left a widow at twenty-six after an unhappy marital experience, she turned all the devotion of a warm nature on her two children, and more especially on her daughter. To the latter, after her marriage, she wrote the greater part of the letters on which her reputation rests, and the greater part of those selected by Mr. Aldington. They are lively, affectionate, detailed, shot through with intimate comment on her associates, and afford an illuminating gloss on their period. Mr. Aldington prefaces them with an introduction which is at once critical and instructive. The correspondence as he has selected it makes excellent casual reading—the sort of chronicle which can be picked up at any time and dipped into at random with pleasure and profit.

A. L.

Fiction

ANNA. By Boris Zaitsev. Holt. 1937. $1.75.

For time and locale this novelette is placed in the early days of the Soviet regime in Russia, but as a matter of fact Zaitsev has made no real use of the plentiful and exciting materials that period of transformation has to offer. Neither references to the N. E. P. nor the occasional appearance of Executive Committees and Commissars serve to lend contemporary vigor to a tale that depends upon the essential stuff and mannerisms of the old Russian short stories, upon vague sadness and upon baffled characters too vacillating even to be tragic. The question here is not whether such is or ever was an accurate depiction of Russian temperament, which is at least debatable; the point is that Zaitsev has not brought this temperament to life or even made it interesting. Anna herself, as a strong, inarticulate daughter of the soil, is wooden and unconvincing. The rest, from her guitar-playing nobleman to the unprincipled outlaw who preys upon the good peasants, are shadowy, without substance. None of the emotions come through to the surface, and we are left with the impression of a colorful, keenly appreciated landscape, much realer than the figures that move upon it.

N. L. R.

WHITE HELL OF PITY. By Norah Lofts. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.50.

Although in the course of her new novel Miss Lofts puts her adolescent heroine through a severe ordeal by misfortune, ranging from slaving for a miserly farmer to contracting pulmonary tuberculosis, the disease that eventually carries her off is that characteristic British complaint known as "Having Ideas Above Her Station." The au-

(*Continued on page* 24)

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

DELIGHTED to hear that Jo Davidson's long postponed statue of Walt Whitman is now in the process of casting and will be finished before Christmas. ☞Re Walt, the Nonesuch Press announces for its admirable one-volume series (distributed here by Random House) a collected volume of Whitman edited by Emory Holloway: the poetry complete, with selected prose and letters.

☞We note with applause that our old gustatory colleague Lawton Mackall has recently begun a department of comment on the eating places of N. Y. City in that lively little magazine *Cue*. We vouch for Mr. Mackall as a hearty and well-trained eater: his motto is Four Million Trencher-men can't be wrong: for him, after observing his prowess at his initiation meal into the 3 Hours for Lunch Club, was invented the tongue-twister: "There is no inanition in an initiation."

☞Random House, not unreasonably, is steamed up about the colorful decorations Leroy Baldridge has made for a new de luxe of Morier's *The Adventures of Hajji Baba*. It appears that Mr. Baldridge and his wife set off from Bagdad to retrace the journeys of Hajji himself, and had many disturbing adventures. The classic spoofing of Hajji was first made known to Old Q. by Mr. C. W. Stewart, once of the Bombay branch of the Oxford Press, who edited the comical old book for the World's Classics. The chapter on The Art of Being a Dervish should be read by every publisher; for the publisher is the whirling dervish of the intellectual world.

☞Continuing to write verse, Old Q. was inspired to a series of couplets in honor of Mr. Kroch's new show-window in his newly enlarged bookstore in Chicago, as follows:—

Dedication for a Bookseller's Window

Congratulation that you have a new
Frontage on N. Michigan Avenue:
I hope that everybody looks
To see what very special books
You choose from out your varied stock,
O bibliodisiac Mr. Kroch!

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In honor of the human race
Unsolicited, I suggest
The books I'd like to see there best—

Books to catch that Inward Eye,
Turn Passer-by to Passer-Buy:—
Fuller, Blake, and Lamb, and Donne,
Robert Louis Stevenson,
Shakespeare, Sherlock Holmes, and
Sterne,
Bartlett's *Quotes*, Keats' *Grecian Urn*,
Conrad, Beerbohm, and George Gissing.
Walter Pater won't be missing,
Nor that aphorist of pith
Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith—
And another of that name
Who wrote *Dreamthorp;* and I claim
Since *Leaves of Grass* the world well
knows
Why not try Walt Whitman's *Prose*
And the omnibus of Thoreau's.
Emily Dickinson, de la Mare,
And the Book of Common Prayer
Side by side with old Voltaire.
Landor, Saki, Swift, Millay,
Brothers Bill and Steve Benét,
Chekhov, Butler, and Da Vinci
And the Random House De Quincey. . . .
Then may people come in flocks:—
Radical and orthodox,
Ladies in their silver fox
And traditional blue socks,
Parsons in their sable frocks,
Editors like Colonel Knox,
And the bibliophile who hocks
His shirt for bargain overstocks—
May they fill the street for blocks
When the Muse her trunk unlocks
And gives literary shocks
In this Window here at Kroch's!

☞Sanders & Conroy, lit. agents, have reprinted the editor's recent piece *Writing for Money* and will send a copy to any one who requests. Address 522 Fifth Ave., N. Y. ☞The American Institute of Graphic Arts writes to tell us of the current (Nov. 18-Dec. 4) exhibit of the work of W. A. Dwiggins, at the Architectural League Gallery, New York. Book people will be interested especially in his title pages, book designs, and illustrations; the exhibition also includes many samples of his wood carvings, watercolors, drawings, photographs, calligraphy, magazine covers, layouts, and marionettes. "Many of these," says the A. I. G. A., "have never been shown before." ☞Further news relating to the A. I. G. A. is that the Book Clinic has made its first annual award, given to "that publishing house which, in the past year, shall have done the most for furthering good design in trade books." The award, a plaque donated by *Bookbinding and Book Production Magazine*, went to the Viking Press; the presentation was made last week at the Book Fair.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 190)

ANONYMOUS—
"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS"

Never trust in women, . . .
For their pleasure and displeasure
depend upon their passions.
. . . . . .
By the tale of Yoosuf be admonished, and guard
against their stratagems
Dost thou not consider that Iblees
ejected Adam
by means of women?
(Introduction Tale: Lane
translation)

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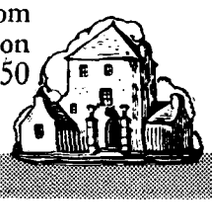

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 22*)

thor's thesis is a curious one. She emphasizes the sordid home life of Emmie Bacon, and is at some pains to explain that the girl is by nature superior to her environment. What could be more natural and laudable under these conditions than an attempt to better herself? Yet Miss Lofts attributes Emmie's suicide at the end of the book to this attempt; she seems to feel that such a girl is better left uneducated and unaware of life's possibilities. One suspects that in fact only an abnormally sensitive person would react so violently, and that the author has drawn an exaggerated portrait, of somewhat limited significance. This illogical quality apart, the girl's unhappy progress through life is detailed in fairly moving and believable fashion, though near the end of the story disasters are piled up rather melodramatically, and Emmie is made to talk and think as an adult. The style is at times ebullient and overcharged with emotion, but the book on the whole presents a good picture of the handicaps attendant on a lower-class childhood in England.

T. P., JR.

Errata

In our issue of November 13, the title of "An Introduction to Medieval Europe, 300-1500," by James Westfall Thompson and Edgar N. Johnson, was erroneously printed as "Europe, 300-1500"; this was owing to the fact that the first line of the review was dropped out. In the same issue, "Pete the Pelican," by Rita Kissin, was erroneously reviewed as a Holt publication, and the price was given as $1.50. The book is published by Lippincott; and the correct price is $1.

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Double-Crostics: No. 191

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

■	■	1 H	■	2-E	3-V	■	4-S	5 U	6-R	7 A	8 B	9-P	10-J	11-N	12-O	■	
13-G	14-H	15-F	16 E	■	17-G	18-W	19-E	■	20-T	21-J	22-S	23-G	24-R	25-X	26-M	27-V	
28-N	29-D	■	30-E	31-F	■	32-R	33-G	34-J	35-X	36-S	■	37-I	38-F	39-T	40-K	41-A	
42-W	43-P	44 H	■	45-X	46-L	47-G	48-I	49-M	■	50-F	51-L	52-A	53-G	■	54-K	55-J	
56-F	■	57-X	58-V	59-U	60-W	■	61-U	62-O	63-Q	64 X	65-T	66-V	67-D	68-N	69-A	70 J	
71-B	72-L	73-W	74-S	75-I	76-C	■	77-F	78-I	■	79-X	80-Q	81 G	82-L	83 K	84-M	85-P	
■	86-F	87-G	88-E	■	89 Q	90-S	91 D	92-A	■	93-L	94-W	■	95-C	96 K	97-T	98-V	
99-A	100-D	■	101-H	102-L	103-S	■	104-K	105-T	106-Q	107-H	108-V	109-B	■	110-Q	111-I	112-F	
■	113-D	114-F	115-V	116-E	117-W	118-S	119-H	120-B	■	121-O	122-J	123-R	124-P	125-S	126-D	127-U	
128-A	129-W	130-T	■	131-G	132-I	133-W	134-D	135-M	136-O	137-C	■	138-L	139-J	140-S	141-T	142-C	
143-V	144-Q	145-B	146-I	147-U	■	148-L	149-E	150-M	■	151-Q	152-K	153-D	154-L	155-V	156-Q	157-H	
■	158-I	159-G	160-V	■	161-M	162-J	163-K	■	164-H	165-R	166-O	167-Q	168-P	169-I	170-W	171-D	
172-N	■	173-H	174-E	175-A	176-N	177-U	178-O	179-M	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 23 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Always.

B. Hungarian composer and pianist (1811-1886).

C. Edible roots

D. Part of the church service.

E. Worthless.

F. English statesman (1593-1641).

G. Arbitrary; despotic.

H. Trim; tidy.

I. Ill-humored; peevish.

J. Small measuring animal.

K. New Testament hell.

L. Aversion to novelty.

M. Sneaked about (slang).

N. Surplice.

O. Rumored.

P. High-strung.

Q. Imposed, as a penalty.

R. 16th century translator of Plutarch.

S. Not flinching.

T. Highest.

U. Exciting repugnance.

V. Codex rescriptus.

W. Children; simpletons.

X. Marks to indicate direction.

WORDS

								52	7
99	175	69	128	41	92				
								120	8
71	145	109							
								76	142
95	137								
								113	153
91	171	100	126	134	67	29			
								149	174
116	2	16	30	88	19				
								112	56
38	15	31	86	77	114	50			
								17	131
53	87	23	33	159	47	81	13		
								157	101
1	164	44	14	119	173	107			
								169	37
75	132	78	146	111	158	48			
								70	122
10	21	162	55	139	34				
								40	152
104	83	54	163	96					
								93	154
102	82	46	51	138	72	148			
								135	161
26	84	49	179	150					
								11	176
28	68	172							
								62	166
121	178	136	12						
								85	168
9	43	124							
								110	106
167	89	144	63	156	80	151			
								6	24
165	123	32							
								140	118
103	90	125	4	22	36	74			
								97	39
20	65	105	130	141					
								5	147
127	177	61	59						
								27	155
143	115	3	66	160	58	108	98		
								117	129
18	94	133	42	73	60	170			
								35	57
79	64	45	25						

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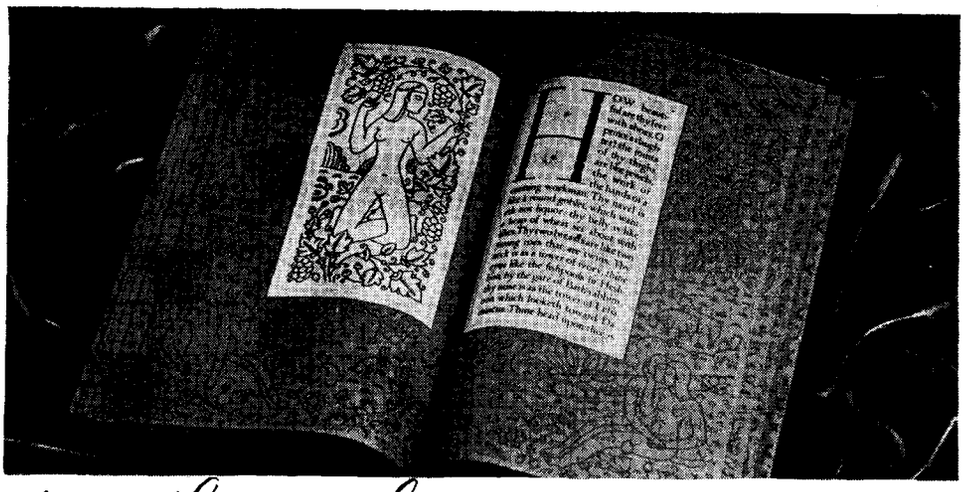

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